NEED BETTER EMBASSIES

Americans Ashamed of Official Homes of Our Representatives in Europe.

By RUDOLPH DE ZAPP.

In nine cases out of ten the patriotic American who goes visiting foreign countries feels deeply humiliated and would like criticising somebody for the shabby buildings in which the diplomatic and consular representatives of Uncle Sam live and have their offices. There is no doubt but that this country should provide buildings for its representatives abroad of a character suitable to its dignity, wealth, and importance among the powers of the world. Bearing this idea in mind, the American Embassy Association was recently organized in New York City. It is to promote the acquisition by the United States of permanent homes in foreign capitals for its ambassadors and consuls.

While most foreign embassies in Washington are owned by their respective governments, the government of the United States does not own a single ambassatorial residence in Europe. Much has been said about the gorgeousness of some of the American ambassadors and their private homes in the various capitals of Europe, but discreet silence has been maintained about the actual American embassies.

The fact is, it is usually supposed that the embassy offices are where the ambassador lives, and that is the case with most of the other powers, which own big houses—sometimes palaces—where their ambassadors live, rent free, and have their offices, too.

The German Embassy, in London, for instance, is a magnificent $15,200 a year mansion in Carlton House Terrace, just beyond William Waldorf Astor's home, across the street from the mansion of Sir Gilbert Parker, who luckily has a rich American wife. The Italian and French embassies in London are also worthy of princes.

The American Embassy is crowded into a few particularly stuffy, ill lighted, grimy rooms in an office building in Victoria street, affording a marked contrast to the splendors of Dorchester House, where Mr. Reid lives, ten minutes' walk distant. The embassy is located between a second hand furniture shop and a second-class restaurant, and occupies the basement, ground floor, and one or two rooms on the top floor of an unattractive brownstone second-class building. The outward appearance of the embassy gives one an impression of melancholy decrepitude, which is more than confirmed by the interior. All the offices are badly furnished. Even the ambassador's private sanctum appears shabby.

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When in his office, the American Ambassador in London sits in a ground floor front room which is literally right on the street. From the top of a London 'bus you can peer down into the ambassadorial sanctum. Besides the lack of privacy, there is the additional discomfort of street noises made by lumbering motor 'busses and other traffic. The whole impression conveyed by the embassy is one of cheapness. Considering the immense amount of business done, one is surprised at the utter lack of up-to-date, modern office equipment.

Speaking of these shortcomings, a well known American resident in London, who knows the embassy thoroughly and who, as a business man has traveled extensively and visited various other American embassies in different parts of the world, made the following statement: "Our embassy in London is one of the poorest business propositions I have ever come across. Besides the whole down-at-heel appearance of the place, it lacks certain necessities which even a second-rate business concern in a backwoods town would possess. There is not even a vault at the embassy to keep state papers in, and the most valuable books and documents are placed promiscuously about the office, where any one with a little ingenuity could abstract them if he wished. If there was a fire at the embassy, papers of the utmost importance would be lost simply for the want of the most ordinary business foresight. The American Embassy holds its office on a yearly lease at a cost of $1,500 a year, and any time the landlords may give the occupants of the chief headquarters of America in Europe, 'notice to quit.' As a matter of fact, the offices of the American Embassy in London are held to-day on a sort of charitable lease. Both buildings immediately adjoining it are rented as shops at $5,000 a year, and several offers at higher rents have been made to the landlords, a banking institution, but they have so far not turned the American Embassy out from a feeling of sentimental courtesy.

"Every one who goes to the American Embassy notices the woe-begone appearance of the whole show. It is not 'good business' on the part of the American government to slight its own embassy, for in these days of modernity, appearances count for a lot. Not long ago a prominent British business man asked an American where the American Embassy was. The American said, in Victoria street. 'Oh, yes,' exclaimed the Englishman, 'down there among the other colonies.' It is pretty rough on Americans to be classed as a British colony.

"The embassy in London is about on a par with the other American Embassies abroad. For instance, up to a short time ago, the American Embassy at Constantinople was simply disgraceful; it was in a positive slum and the Turkish authorities, during the last outbreak, said they could not protect us unless we moved into a decent part of the town. All over the east the same conditions prevail. In Teheran, the United States occupy a veritable shanty, and there is no way of protecting Uncle Sam's property. If any one thought it worth while to steal out codebook, or other state papers, it would be simple enough. In Tokyo, the American Embassy is shabby, and certainly fails to inspire the Japs with the idea of America's greatness. The only decent embassy in the east is in China. From the business man's point of view, the American embassies all over Europe reflect on this country. What is needed everywhere abroad are permanent houses with good vaults for holding state papers. The ambassador should be decently housed at the expense of the State, on a par with other plenipotentiaries with whom he has dealings."

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In Berlin the office of the American Embassy is housed in a flat over a book store, for which the rent paid is $125 a month. As the business premises of the American Embassy—or "chancellery," as the place has been called for dignity's sake—Unter den Linden 68, one flight up, has sheltered United States diplomats for more than ten years. It is without exception the shabbiest establishment of its kind, maintained not only by any of the so-called great powers, but even by second rate nations like Spain, Holland and Turkey. At the corner of an insignificant side street leading off the north side of Unter den Linden, it occupies the second floor of an ordinary four-storied business house, which was imposing when it was built in the '60's, but is now outclassed by its modern neighbors on all sides. Barring the corner room which the ambassador occupies for his private office, the embassy has the doubtful honor of being one of the darkest and dingest apartments in all Berlin. The rooms occupied by the first and second secretaries are smaller than the quarters allowed in American offices for the telephone desk, and the "embassy" itself has always been too small to provide room for the naval and military attaches, who must rent quarters outside, mostly at the nearby magnificent white-marbled Adlon, and are, therefore, seldom to be found at Unter den Linden 68, where they belong. The "snideness" of Uncle Sam's diplomatic headquarters in Berlin becomes painfully apparent when American visitors, riding around on the "rubberneck" seeing Berlin automobiles, have pointed out to them the magnificent quarters of Russia, Great Britain, France and Japan.

In glaring contrast with the offices of the American Embassy is the former residence and home of Ambassador Hill—the Adlon—that white-marbled hotel-palace, which occupies the most fashionable spot in the German capital—the classic corner of the Pariser Platz, long crowned by the genius of Friedrich Schinkel, the man who occupies the same position among German architects as Friedrich Schiller, among poets and thinkers. The Adlon is the home of the American fashionable world of Berlin, and the traveling wealthy Americans who visit the Kaiser's city, as well as Uncle Sam's members of the diplomatic corps, and bankers and capitalists from this side, make the Adlon their temporary home while in Berlin. It has been selected as Col. Roosevelt's hotel during his sojourn in the German capital next year. Herr Louis Adlon, the son of the proprietor, has visited this country a number of times and has extended personal invitations to President Taft to honor the Adlon when visiting Berlin. But not only the ultra fashionable and wealthy of this country, and the intellectuals rendezvous at the Adlon, but also those of England, France, Austria, and all other countries. In this fairy palace, Ambassador Hill had his official residence, until recently when he moved to more modern quarters—the property not of the United States.

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The Czar's embassy in Berlin, a splendid white stone palace, fronting Unter den Linden for a length of nearly 200 feet, stands almost directly opposite the American "chancellery," as if to shame by its contrasts the quarters of the great and wealthy republic.

Around the corner, in Wilhelm strasse, its great Ionic columns forming one of the architectural attractions of that famous thoroughfare, is the establishment of Great Britain, a beautiful building in which King Edward's diplomatic representatives are housed at their government's expense in manner befitting the dignity of the mistress of the seas. A block away, in Pariser Platz, within a stone's throw of the Adlon, that fashionable center which was opened and is patronized by the Emperor and his royal family, is the chateau-like house of France, now presided over by M. Cambon, who formerly lived at Washington. The French Embassy is one of the most imposing in Berlin. The lower floor is given over to suites of offices for business purposes, the rest of the building being for the residence of the ambassador's family and for social representation.

The chancellery of the American Embassy at St. Petersburg has been moved many times from one part of the town to another. It is at present situated in the Galerny, a narrow and noisy street at the back of the splendid houses on the English quay, where the Spanish Embassy is situated. It has a desolate and gone down appearance, which is accounted for by the fact that as it is not American property and the proprietor may at any time require the present occupiers to go, it is not worth while to make improvements.

When Ambassador Tower was at St. Petersburg, the chancellery was in a house adjoining his magnificent palace, close to the Winter Palace. The present premises appear adequate for the purpose which they are required, but the chancellory ought to be in a more central position, and, above all, it should be American property. At the present time you have to ask a policeman where the American Embassy happens to be, simply because it has been moved so often, and ten chances to one, the policeman will have to "look it up."

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In Paris, while the embassy occupies an excellent location at 18 Avenue Kleber, close to the Arc de Triomphe, the rooms allotted to the representatives of America could be much improved. The Paris Embassy pays $1,600 per annum for its accommodation, which is the "entresol" of the building. Naturally, the ceilings are low, but there is no remedy, as the American Embassy is not allowed sufficient rent to pay for better rooms. The office consists of two apartments thrown into one, making eleven rooms in all, and each of the ten members of the staff has a separate office.

It cannot be said that the chancellery of the American Embassy in Paris is much better or much worse than that of the other American embassies. It is not dingy; it is not shabby. On the other hand, it is neither handsome or luxurious. The two largest rooms are those set apart for the ambassador and the public. They are fairly spacious. The naval and military attaches have their rooms on the ground floor. As for the furniture and fittings, they are simple and such as may be found in any office. On the whole, it would be unkind to criticise the Paris chancellery too severely. It is not, I think, as commodious as the American consulate general in the Avenue l'Opera.

RETURNS FROM ABROAD.

JOHN BIGELOW,

Famous writer and diplomat, now in his ninety-third year, has just returned to this country from a European trip. Mr. Bigelow says he enjoyed his trip immensely and is in better health than he has been in years.

MIGHT CHANGE VIEWS

Being at Head of Business Not as Simple as It Seems to the Subordinate.

"Say, I wish I were at the head of this business! Do you know what I'd do?"

You've heard the set speech a thousand times from the man who isn't at the head of the business and who in all human probability never will be. The remark, however, is insistent, says John A. Howland, in the Chicago Tribune. According to the personality of the man, too, it carries a certain weight with his fellows. The larger the organization the more latitude for the remark. It has become a factor to be considered in organization.

Factor that it is, however, no other remark of the set type is more eloquent of ignorance in the speaker. No man knows just what he would or will do until that particular move of importance come up to him.

"You see," remarks this man, critical of his management, "the head of a big business isn't in a position to see things as I do."

You've heard that, too. Perhaps you've made the reservation also that were this critic in the position of the head of the concern for one year, three, or five, or ten years, his present point of view would be shifted widely out of plumb.

Here is a little story picked right out of real, stubborn, factful business life which illustrates the point admirably.

"Builder" Relieves His Conscience.

The man who told me the story has made more money than he needs. For several years he bore the burdens of active business simply because it was a going, growing business. He wouldn't sell the business for the reason that some of his ideals were laid deep in its corner stone. He couldn't close it up and out for the reason that a small army of workers got their daily bread out of it. Scores of them had grown old in the service.

But this man decided to retire from the active administration of the concern. The business had been incorporated. There were men competent to manage its affairs. In leaving active service it chanced that this builder of the business had a particular small matter on his conscience.

He had been attracted to a young man who only a short time before had entered the service of the company. He was a clean-cut young chap of good family, quick intelligence, and a worker. The young man had begun at the bottom. Incidentally he was engaged to be married when he could make a place for himself in the world of work. This the head of the house had found out quite by accident. But the fact had increased the interest in the young fellow.

Just here it should be remarked that leaving the activities of a business often alters the position and the standing of the man leaving, no matter what his qualifications and if his financial interests be as large as ever they were. One cannot manage and direct even wisely without arousing questioning on the part of those close to him in responsibilities. Abdicating, the man who has been directing with a wise, strong hand makes room for another who may have been nursing the small jealousies and silent questionings as to ways and means.

Retiring Head Speaks Good Word.

In the case of this particular head of the house the rule held. In the case of the particular young man involved, however, there was no thought on the part of the retiring head that the young fellow would not be tried out on his own merits. The man succeeding to the management had volunteered, long before, the opinion that the young fellow was of the right stuff. This remark was in the mind of the retiring head when, just before leaving, he spoke to his successor.

"Keep an eye on young Jones, won't you?" he had asked. "We are agreed, I believe, that he ought to make something."

But the months went on and young Jones remained where he had begun. More months went on and Jones still was there. Then more months and more months. Jones was on the conscience of the retiring head and he sought to discover the cause of the condition. If Jones had remained there where he started simply because he wasn't capable of anything more he was a failure and ought to be discharged. If he were capable of something more and wasn't getting it, somebody was discriminating against him.

But what could this former active head, still the controlling stockholder in the organization, do? To step in and make inquiry would be in bad judgment. The young man might hear of it and be unduly influenced, or he might not hear and be still further handicapped through the interference.

Jones Made a Sacrifice.

Something occurred one day to indicate the feeling of the new head of the house toward the retiring member. It was too plain to be misunderstood. Inquiry into the case of Jones showed conclusively that the new head of the house deliberately was sacrificing Jones simply because he thought his predecessor was inclined to favor the young man.

It is nothing new in the everyday history of everyday business. Thousands of men, young and old, are suffering such injustices because of just such trivial resentments aroused in the hearts of narrow men. This man would wreck the whole career of a promising young fellow merely to show his resentment and spite. The commonness of the situation is the hopelessness of it. For just here I would ask of the critic quoted at the head of this article:

What would you do in such a circumstance? What could you do?

In having the power to do something the possibility of doing that thing is lost to you. You can't exercise the power without destroying discipline and involving untold frictions within the organization.

The whole point is that in accepting business responsibilities in an institution employing large forces of men the head of the establishment also assumes obligations. Jealousies that are aroused between managing heads extend all the way down to the least important of employes. A show of favoritism always is resented. The suspicion of it is as bad. It is a two-edged sword, as likely to injure the one in whose behalf it is raised as it is to shield him.

Many Advocates of Sledgehammer.

I recall, as a boy, the time that workmen pulled down an old brick church which had been swallowed up by the march of the business section of the small city where I grew up. I recall that particular afternoon when, looking on at the work of the laborers carefully prying loose the bricks one by one and loading them into wheelbarrows, one of the old, hard-headed, "bulging" type of business men of the town stopped for a moment also to look on.

"Say," he called to the foreman of the work, "if I had that job I'd go at it with sledgehammers and I'd have those walls down before you'd know it."

But the walls still wouldn't have been cleared away. And the salvage from the preserved bricks would have been lost.

Thousands of times since I've thought of the critic in general who is so quick to offer his opinion on something other than his own work.

The man most disposed to sledgehammer work is the man least acquainted with the uses of the tool. But it is singular how many advocates there are of the sledgehammer means to an end, everywhere and in anything.

KIDNAPPED BOY AND HIS MOTHER.

Much kidnapped boy, little Carlton Clark, who was kidnapped by his mother, Mrs. Maud Clark, from Mrs. Sophia Kramer, of New York, to whom the lad's father had intrusted him after securing a divorce from his wife two years ago. Mrs. Kramer recently located the boy at his grandmother's house in Boston, and with the aid of detectives spirited him back to New York.

If Properly Brought Up.

From the St. Louis Star.

If girls were properly brought up and kept off the streets by their parents, they would not be so easily "kidnapped" and go away with young men to have a good time.

FIRST OF THE SWIFTS.

The Refrigerator Car the Invention of a Cape Cod Yankee.

From the Cosmopolitan.

Gustavus Franklin Swift, the first of this commercial dynasty, was a Cape Cod Yankee, who bought a steer now and then and peddled the meat from the back of a certain go-cart which has since become famous.

He moved to Albany and went deeper into meats, discarding one after another partners who had not the foresight and daring which he possessed. He located in Chicago at the beginning of those days of great possibilities in bringing into touch the new West and the older East.

It was he who invented the first refrigerator cars. This was the one revolutionary act which put his sons and a few other sons in very fair control of half of the meat of America.

He saw the market for dressed beef extended only after the hardest of fights. All great revolutions are fought against. All the East, all England, all Europe, fought the idea of dressed beef and then accepted it. I doubt if we could do without it now.

WAYS OF PICKPOCKETS.

"Low Grade Dips" Work in Pairs. Some of the Tricks.

As a usual thing pickpockets vary their methods to suit circumstances. Only the lower grade dips work in pairs. These are the men who operate on street cars, elevated station platforms, and similar places where they will find crowds of pushing people and have opportunity to escape if detected.

One of the pair shoulders a victim roughly while the other does the work and makes a getaway. Arrests are frequent, but convictions rare, because the man captured seldom has the loot.

The higher grade dips also work in such places. The difference, according to the Bohemian, is that they work in groups and choose times when prosperous passengers will be in the majority. During the fashionable shopping hours and after the theater at night are considered harvest times.

Last winter three dips worked a clever method in Chicago. Garbing themselves in evening clothes they mingled in fashionable crowds in big cafes, theater exits and railway stations. One of the party was always hopelessly drunk and the others, apparently acting the part of Samaritans, were hard put trying to keep him on his feet.

With all their care, however, he would stumble occasionally and fall into groups of ladies and gentlemen. Invariably the sober companions had apologized and taken the charge away before any one discovered the loss of valuables.

Admiral Dewey Drives Well.

A notable figure on the fashionable drive just now is Admiral Dewey, who has returned brown and ruddy with health from his summer outing. He drives a high Brewster cart, drawn by a handsome pair of bay roadsters, and handles the ribbons in a way that shows he is quite as much at home in the driver's seat as he is on the deck of a battle ship. There is no man in town more fastidious in regard to his wardrobe than the admiral, and he dresses every part that he is called upon to play with a nicety that is rarely seen off the stage. "If I didn't know that Dewey was one of the bravest and most fearless men in the service," said one of his colleagues, "I should write him down as a martinet, for he is so particular about little things. Every thing must be exactly so, and he accepts no excuses from those responsible. This the men in his command always appreciated, and they did all in their power to live up to his standards. Frankly, I don't believe that there was ever a man in the navy that kept his ship so spick and span as did Dewey, from the time he was a callow ensign until he was given the highest place in the service." Surely his driving rig is beyond criticism. The horses fairly shine from competent grooming, the harness glistens, and the groom, in his plum livery, is as spotless as though he had just stepped out of the window of some fashionable tailor. The celebrated Dutch wives, despite their reputations for immaculate cleanliness and neatness, could yet learn something from the Admiral of Uncle Sam's navy.

Book on Banking.

Charles A. Conant's admirable "History of Modern Banks of Issue" (G. P. Putnam's Sons) appears in a fourth edition, with some important omissions and additions. Since its publication, twelve years ago, events have moved rapidly in banking and monetary history. The gold standard, which, as the author remarks, was described in 1896 as "a conspiracy against the human race," has been adopted by the civilized world, China alone excepted—Russia, Austria-Hungary, Japan, and Mexico having followed the lead of the United States in establishing a single standard of value. Banking and note issue systems have been reconstructed in several countries, and in the European states great central bank charters have been revised "to narrow the privileges and profits which were originally granted to the shareholders." Mr. Conant has included these changes in his survey of banking history, bringing it up to date. He has also devoted increased space to the banking systems of Mexico and the Orient, in view of our advancing trade with the far East and with our Southern neighbor. Financial crises are elaborately treated, including that of 1907, which brought conspicuously into relief the defects of the American currency system. It is hardly necessary to say that Mr. Conant discloses many causes of this financial disturbance other than trust-busting or Presidential speech-making. Three chapters of the earlier work, dealing with banking theory, have been omitted from the present edition.

WIFE OF CANADA'S GOVERNOR GENERAL.

LADY GREY,

Leading lady of Canada, who is seriously ill with scarlet fever at Government House, Ottawa.

BOOK MARGIN CRITICS

Love Scenes a Prolific Source of Penciled Comment of Readers.

Librarians jealously guard the treasures intrusted to their care. The preservation of their books is the motive of their existence, and to accomplish that end they take pains to notify the public that any mutilation of a volume lent, no matter how small its intrinsic worth, will be punished with fines terrible to think upon and difficult to pay. "Mutilation" doubtless is meant to include scribbling—indeed, it is so defined in some notices.

Notwithstanding the penalty threatened for the violation of library laws, many readers whose propensity for manipulating the lead pencil has overcome their discretion recklessly have jotted down their opinions on the ideas of the author. All these comments are finely penciled, and indicate that they have been invaluable as literary training, inasmuch as their brevity has constrained the critic to cultivate the quality of precision—a virtue that contrasts favorably with the aimless volubility of the printed page, says the Philadelphia Public Ledger.

"The Egotist" Unpopular.

Works of fiction, being most popular with the average reader, have come in for more than their share of marking. In this class of literature the book that has received the hardest knockout blow is "The Egotist." Some impatient reader, after toiling through a few intricate paragraphs, has written: "I have tried seven times to read this book, because I thought I ought to read it, but I can't for the life of me get over Sir Willoughby's leg." Below this, in a different hand, is pencilled: "Amen." Admirers of Meredith may construe this latter comment any way they like, but the natural inference of the subsequent reader is that it, too, indicates inability on the part of some suffering lover of straightforward English to wade through or shy past the complex description of that incomparable nether limb.

George Moore likewise comes in for some hot shot in "Evelyn Innes," for a plain-spoken person, who is evidently an operagoer as well as a novel reader, records his impressions thus: "So Margaret Macintyre is the model for that, is she? Well!" And, again, the observer of these notes may put his own construction upon the remark of the amateur critic.

Raps for Stockton and Howells.

Dear to the hearts of many a novel reader are the adventures of Mrs. Lecks and Mrs. Aleshine, but that even the doings of these two estimable ladies, as duly chronicled by Mr. Stockton, are disapproved by at least one library habitue is evidenced by the note scribbled on the last page: "This book is no good." Mr. Howells also comes in for a few hard raps. "Ragged Lady" is designated by one inappreciative reader "The worst book I ever read," while another, after a painful tussle with "The Minister's Charge," takes the liberty of advising the author as to his literary future: "If this is the best you can do, quit."

If dog ears and thumb prints and fervent exclamations are an index to real, heartfelt popularity, then Dickens is still the most widely read author in our libraries to-day, notwithstanding the annual cry that the pedestal on which he has been enthroned is crumbling away. Miss Alcott's books are also well worn, and the comments express, as in the case of Dickens, personal affection as well as literary regard. George Eliot's books frequently are underlined, but seldom commented on. An exception is found near the middle of the second volume of "Middlemarch," where an emphatic reader delivers the opinion that "Dorothea is a fool." "Romola" also calls forth a protest from another weary plodder, who puts up the wail, "Oh, but this is dry!"

Balzac has the wind taken out of his sails by a scrawl on the flyleaf of "Cousin Betty," which reads in this fashion: "I shall need to be fumigated after this. I shall need to stand outdoors a week and let the fresh air blow through me."

Next to works of fiction, cookbooks are chosen as the groundwork for the most voluminous commentaries. There is one book in particular whose readers smile when they come to a certain recipe, for on the margin is written: "Take Notice—This recipe is no good. It ought to be scratched out. I made a cake by it and it wouldn't raise. It wasn't fit for a dog to eat. M. H." Who M. H. is other library patrons never will know, but her advice has probably borne fruit, for it is a courageous housekeeper indeed who will mix a cake that she knows beforehand will not "raise."

Philosophical treatises and metaphysical essays are illustrated with occasional zigzag lines, which are no doubt pregnant with meaning to the initiated. Works of this nature, however, are too abstruse to be judged readily. The student is their most faithful reader and he tackles them with pencil and notebook, wherein his opinions are duly recorded.

In a small library uptown the poems of Thomas Hood are productive of an attack of lead pencil mania. De Quincey's "Confessions" bear this explicit marginal note: "That's all right. He knows what he is talking about. I've been there myself."

Varieties in Annotation.

In library books many of the sentences marked arouse the wonder of later readers. In not a few instances the passage thus emphasized is to all appearances devoid of special significance, at least to the general public, and it is interesting to speculate on the emotions it aroused in the breast of the impulsive lead-pencil fiend. In examining scores of popular books picked up at random several general truisms were noted. In the first place it was demonstrated that patrons of a public library are given to expressing themselves most freely on topics relating to love and matrimony. Take a page, for instance, where the charms of a pretty girl are portrayed or the hero's method of popping the question is described in detail, and you are sure to find no end of brackets, parentheses, and "Oh, mys!" Meditations on life, death, and immortality touch soft chords in the public breast, and it is hard to find a line pertaining to suicide that does not show traces of a sympathetic pencil. Occasionally these comments decry self-destruction, but as a rule they uphold it, all of which might be taken to indicate that many of the people who gain their mental nutriment from the public library are given to morbid reflections, and are likely to take themselves out of the way on short notice. Facts, however, would not sustain this hypothesis, for the majority of the men and women who spend their days in the libraries are keeping a firm grip on life.

BOOKS AND BOOK REVIEWS.

SOME REMINISCENCES. By William L. Royall. New York and Washington: The Neale Publishing Company.

This gossipy volume is from the pen of one of the best known men in Virginia politics, journalism, and law. Mr. Royall was born amid the traditions of the old South. His grandmother was Chief Justice Marshall's youngest sister, and from her he gained the education of his youth. At the age of seventeen he entered the Confederate army, where he served until taken prisoner in 1865. After the war he studied law, and in the stormy era of Mahone's rule found employment for his talents in fighting readjuster schemes for repudiating the State debt. From the practice of law he drifted into journalism, where he took conspicuous part in the campaign for redemption of his State from the corrupt reconstruction government, and later actively engaged in the fight against free silver.

Mr. Royall's spicy account of the McCarty-Mordecai duel has been reprinted in these columns, and need not be further adverted to here. He was a second in that affair and in several others of note, in spite of his dislike of dueling. His tales of these difficulties between gentlemen are an interesting contribution to the history of the code duello. Mr. Royall came out of the war with a rather bitter recollection of Federal prisons; also with some well defined impressions as to the inadequacy of the Confederate commissariat. He is at pains to present a number of facts from official records bearing on this latter subject, all going to show that Lee's army was shamefully treated in the matter of provisioning and re-enforcements, so that its efficiency was greatly impaired at critical moments. The Confederate civil administration is held severely to account for failure to give Lee adequate support.

In 1880 Mr. Royall was active in the attempt to nominate Justice Field for the Presidency. Pacific Coast sentiment, however, was too strongly against Field, and Hancock carried off the honor. The campaign against the Mahone crowd soon after changed from the field of politics to that of law, Mr. Royall having been engaged by the State's creditors to fight repudiation. The litigation ran over eight years, ending in a compromise favorable to Mr. Royall's clients. Although Mr. Royall was defeated at the last, legally speaking, by an adverse decision of the Federal Supreme Court, he has had the satisfaction of seeing that decision practically reversed by the court in the recent case against the attorney general of Minnesota, wherein the supremacy of the Federal courts over State agencies in litigation involving consitutional questions was reasserted. Mr. Royall relates some inside history of the famous reconstruction case of ex parte McArde, indicating that the purpose of radical Congressional leaders to deprive the Supreme Court of jurisdiction, so as to avert an adverse decision on the reconstruction acts, had the sympathy of certain members of the court.

The volume concludes with sundry observations on trusts and free silver, as to both of which the author has positive views. The Sherman anti-trust law he characterizes as a vicious and intolerable piece of legislation, which he would amend so as to permit reasonable contracts in restraint of trade, but to forbid those acts the purpose or intent of which is injurious to the public interest. He attributes the rise of Bryan and the silver issue to Mr. Cleveland's Venezuelan message and the resultant disturbance to business. In the campaign of 1896 Mr. Royall supported McKinley, and in company with others induced Mark Hanna to expend considerable sums to carry Virginia for the Republican electors. It was money wasted, but Mr. Royall records his conviction that "if the vote had been counted as cast, McKinley would have carried the State by a large majority." Still more remarkable is his opinion that if negro suffrage had not been forced on the South, "each Southern State would before this have been controlled by the Republican party." This opinion appears to be based on a belief in natural Southern inclination to the conservative in politics.

AN INTRODUCTION TO CITY PLANNING. By Benjamin Clarke Marsh. Published by the author at 165 Broadway, New York.

The literature of city planning is not extensive, and what there is unavailable to any but the specialist, so that this little volume has a field of usefulness all its own. It does not pretend to be an exhaustive study, but is intended to give an outline of what has been accomplished by foreign cities in planning for their growth, to show what progress has been made in this country in the same direction, and to state briefly, but definitely, the nature of the planning problem in American cities, particularly with respect to the relief of congestion. The work considers foreign examples of city planning, discusses the development of the city planning idea, and points out the logical essentials of a municipal plan. There is a valuable chapter on the technical phases of city planning. Numerous illustrations aid the reader in understanding the text.